

Why don't you come a little closer?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27520684) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27520684>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Darryl Noveschosch , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Meet-Cute , First Meetings , Fluff , Romance , Alternate Universe - College/University , College , First Dates , Alternate Universe , Flirting , Mutual Pining , dreamnotfound
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-12 Completed: 2020-11-16 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 11618

Why don't you come a little closer?

by [lifeofandoms](#)

Summary

George wasn't sure how his Friday night ended up with him on a date with a complete stranger who claimed to be saving him from embarrassment over being stood up. But George wasn't really complaining.

Notes

Hello! I don't mean any disrespect with this type of fic since they are real people. Please don't force this on them but I solely wrote this for fun and because I think they're cute. If there's any issues I'll take it down.

I had fun writing this based off of the prompt I read a while back where one person claims "the waitstaff were talking about how your date stood you up so I'm pretending to be your date to save you from embarrassment." And the other says "That's very sweet of you, but I'm only pretending to be stood up so the staff will feel bad for me and give me a free dessert."

I didn't beta read this so please let me know if there's any errors :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The restaurant doors opened and closed as new groups walked in with smiles on their faces. They'd be whisked away by the hostess and seated at tables that weren't George's. George had been sitting down for about thirty minutes by that point and he had only ordered a simple iced tea. The waitresses had asked him twice if he was ready to order and he said he was waiting for someone and that he'd order in the next fifteen minutes if they didn't show up. The stares from the waiters and waitresses bored on the back of George's head as he knew they were pitying him. He glanced around and saw them talking in hushed whispers near the opening to the kitchen doors.

George looked down at his phone and swiped it to unlock before pulling up his messages and typing a quick line of text to Karl and Bad that he wasn't dead since they were questioning why he had gone dead silent and wasn't at the dorm.

Taking a quick glance over the entire room and another look towards the doors, George was determining his next course of action. He could order his food or leave. His hands reached for the menu at his fingertips.

"Hey," a voice called from in front of George. A tall, dark blond man stood a couple feet away from George's table. His hair looked almost brown in the dim lighting. He had a sheepish smile on his face and looked slightly nervous but confident at the same time. "I heard the waitstaff talking about how your date stood you up so I'm pretending to be your date to save you from embarrassment."

George's jaw went slack as he heard what this man was saying to him. He dropped the menu and stood up quickly, his chair scraping against the floor loudly. He winced at the noise and looked around, embarrassed to see people looking his way but he brushed it off. The man in front of him was cute. He was taller than George by a few inches and had green eyes with freckles dotted along his face. The black jeans were tight on his legs and he wore a dark green button up that brought out the colour of his eyes. His smile made George's heart skip a beat. It wasn't every day that George talked face to face with someone that looked like the man in front of him. He was nervous. George opened his mouth to speak. Not wanting to make a fool of himself, he closed it quickly to think.

"That's very sweet of you, but I'm only pretending to be stood up so the staff will feel bad for me and give me free dessert," George quickly responded, stumbling over his words.

The man in front of him raised his eyebrows and laughed. The guests at the other tables stopped watching them. "Guess me standing here ruins your plans. I think they're looking over here," the green eyed man acknowledged and tipped his head in the direction of the staff.

George looked over cautiously to see the staff looking at him and smiling when they realized his apparent "date" had actually showed up. One even nodded their head at him and winked. "Guess so. Looks like I won't get any free dessert. Look what you've done," George accused, feeling his muscles tense and his jaw tighten. *Would he know?*

"Excuse me, why am I getting blamed when I was trying to be a gentleman and help save you from embarrassment. You know everyone here was probably looking at you like 'wow, this sad man was stood up,'" the man joked. He placed his hands on the chair across from George and watched him curiously.

George scoffed. He was suddenly self conscious but he wasn't gonna let the man in front of him know that. "You might as well buy my dessert now since you've ruined my plan."

The man pressed his lips together and furrowed his eyebrows, he was thinking. "I mean, alright. It's the least I can offer since apparently it's all my fault." He looked content with himself. The green eyed man pulled the chair back and sat down, taking his jacket off and placing it on the back of the chair. "Are you going to sit down?"

George didn't realize he was still standing up. He sat down immediately, almost missing the chair and collapsing to the floor. He stared at the man quizzically, confused at how someone could be so confident they just waltz up to your table and demand to be your made up date. The man grabbed the other menu in his hands and started browsing the list of food items, his eyes scanning the page. He looked up at George.

"Oh! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Clay. Though you might hear me go by Dream occasionally," Dream held out his hand towards George, waiting for a response from the brunet across from him.

"George, just George." George accepted the handshake and tilted his head at the nickname. Clay's hands were warm. "Why Dream?"

"Childhood nickname I guess. My best friend calls me it, kinda sticks," he shrugs.

"Okay, *Dream*." George mocked. It was a weirdly mysterious nickname and he felt odd saying it but it seemed to fit the description of the man in front of him. "So, what brings you here today"

"Obviously a hot date," Clay responded nonchalantly, not looking up from the menu. George felt the heat rising to his cheeks. Clay's eyes wandered from the menu back up to George and he grinned. "Nah, was just here with my friend. He, uh, left not too long ago. I just saw you on our way out and figured I don't have anything better to do tonight."

"Is this some sort of charity thing? You just see a man you think was stood up and pity them," George questioned. His tone wasn't harsh, more confused. He wanted answers.

Luckily, Clay didn't take any harm from his words, his grin stayed on his face. "I mean, I can leave if you want. Though no guarantees you'd get free dessert then."

George frowned. "You wouldn't. My entire night relies on that dessert. You can't deprive a man from his dessert."

"So," the "o" rolled off of Clay's tongue as he continued reading the menu. "Your accent. Where are you from?"

"That's always the first question I get, living in America and everything," George commented, picking up his own menu seeing how they'd be there for a bit. "England, moved here for university."

"Interesting. What're you studying?" Clay looked up at the man in front of him. His dark hair was ruffled slightly.

"Computer science, I'm in my last year." George wasn't sure what he wanted to order. He wasn't sure whether Clay was going to order something to eat or just dessert. He figured he'd let him order first and then order based off of that. He was too nervous to ask.

"Oh really? Same! Though I'm a third year," Clay replied excitedly. They had something in common. "I'm double majoring in English as well," he added.

"English?" George questioned, it was weird for someone who liked computer science to be good at

English and writing as well. The odd combination intrigued George. He wanted to know more about the life of the man in front of him.

“Yes, it’s like analyzing stories and writing essays. I’d figured you’d be smart enough to know what English is. It’s also a language but I’m talking about the major,” Clay joked, running a hair through his hair.

George liked his personality, he wasn’t usually able to joke with someone he just meant. He was afraid they’d take his jokes seriously but Clay seemed so nonchalant and unbothered from the banter, even offering his own back. “I’m not that stupid. I just mean it’s interesting you’re good at computer science *and* English.”

“Wow, so now you’re just being stereotypical and saying I can’t be good at both. No wonder your date stood you up,” Clay commented, watching George as he said that last line, unsure how he’d take that comment.

George frowned again. “Quit bullying me, I told you I wanted free dessert.” George ripped the menu out of the other boy’s hands and swatted the blond’s hands with it. Clay laughed and grabbed the menu back. “I’m just saying you have to be smart to be able to double major and for it to be two completely different majors.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“Good, because it was, you idiot,” George joked.

“Ouch, now you’re the one bullying me. I’m paying for this meal by the way, maybe you should try being nicer.” Clay closed the menu, seeming done with viewing it and ready to order. George was panicking, unsure about what Clay was gonna order.

“Oh, *Dream*, however shall I repay you? I’m forever in your debt.” George’s voice went high as he enunciated his words. Dream’s laugh echoed in his brain. He sounded like a tea kettle. George decided his new favourite sound was Clay’s laugh.

“I’m ready to order, what about you?” Clay questioned the brunet sitting across from him.

“M’not sure yet. What’re you getting?” George asked. He looked around to see the restaurant bustling with activity. The waitstaff were no longer watching him with pity and they all seemed busy with their own thing, running orders from table to table. Watching other people on dates felt weird to him. Did he look as comfortable with Dream as the other couples looked?

“Probably the chicken alfredo,” Clay replied, looking around trying to figure out what George was looking at.

“Oh, okay. I’ll probably get the same,” George didn’t want to ask if the other man had already eaten but he was ordering real, proper food so George was going to do the same. He was starving.

A waitress came by in the next five minutes and they both recited their orders. “I’m glad to see your date finally showed up,” she commented. “He’s cute. Definitely worth the wait,” she added, talking quietly to George as she left. But her voice wasn’t quiet enough since Dream overhead it and grinned to himself. George’s cheeks went red.

“Have you always lived in Florida?” George asked, taking the last sips of his drink and making a mental note to ask the waitress for a refill next time she came around.

Clay’s eyes were bright and he looked excited to talk. “I’ve moved around a bit but for the most

part I've lived here my whole life. I actually live near the campus in an apartment with my friend."

"I do too, though I share it with two others. The first two years I lived in a dorm. I've never been more scarred in my life. The stuff that goes on there at night remains with you forever." George shudders thinking about it. He wrinkled his nose in disgust. He's glad to be living in his own apartment now, though he still had to share it. It was nice living with other people who you actually knew. "And the rooms. They were so dirty and small. It felt like a prison cell."

Clay laughed loudly, making wheezing noises. George's heart was doing flips. "Man am I glad I never had to live on campus. My parents let me stay at home the first year though it was a long commute. Luckily, my friend Sapnap, Nick, and I moved out my second year," Clay recalled. Still laughing quietly at George's previous comment.

The activity in the restaurant was increasing as more and more tables were getting filled but George's attention was focused solely on the man in front of him.

"You guys have weird nicknames for each other," George remarked. His drink was empty but he was still sipping the remaining liquid at the bottom and making loud slurping sounds. Dream had his eyebrows raised and wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes as he smiled at George.

"What, like you don't have any nicknames?" Clay swept his eyes around the room, making note of the time on a clock near the door. His eyes went back to George as he admired the nervous features on the boy's face.

"Hmm, my roommate, Karl, calls me Gogy," George said flatly. He saw Clay raise his eyebrows in confusion at the nickname. "Don't ask. I don't know why either."

"It's cute." Clay gave a soft smile to George and watched as his expression changed from slack to surprised. His eyes were opened wide as he processed the compliment and then resumed their normal features when his brain finally caught up to the words.

"Oh," George nervously tapped his feet together underneath the table. "Uh, thanks?"

"Why are you playing footsies with me under the table?" Clay asked. The question shocked George and he pulled his feet back.

"I'm not."

"You are."

"Nuh uh."

"Okay. Whatever you say," Clay rolled his eyes jokingly. George huffed.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, Clay reached for his phone and tapped out a few messages. At least that's what George assumed. He watched quietly as Clay's fingers moved across the screen, unable to see what he was doing. He was confused by the man in front of him. The way he held himself was refreshing, seeing how confident he was but how humble and nervous he appeared at the same time made George smile. Knowing Clay had joined him because he thought George got stood up and felt bad for him meant a lot. And the man in front of him was a complete stranger. But George felt comfortable with him. He didn't want Clay to be a stranger. Was he into guys? Or was George just a pity date.

"Here's your guys' food! Hope you enjoy your meal." George was broken out of his thoughts by the waitresses voice and a warm plate being placed in front of him. "Can I get you guys anything

else?"

"Oh, yeah. Can we get a refill on his drink? And I'll get an iced tea as well please." Dream added, remembering George slurping loudly at the empty drink. George was surprised he knew he had iced tea.

"Yeah for sure, I'll be back in a few."

"Thanks," Clay said, giving a small smile to the waitress and an even bigger smile to George. The waitress returned the smile and left.

"Thank you," George said softly to Clay as the waitress left. Clay's response was a big smile. He did that a lot.

They went silent again. George was listening to the loud laughs around him and the occasional sentence he heard from the people nearby. He was nervous talking to Clay, unsure where the man stood.

"So," Clay said. "Do you plan to stay in Florida when you graduate? Or are you going back to England?" The way Clay asked this question grabbed at George's heart. His tone was soft and nervous, a contrast to the playful banter they had the past few conversations.

"Um, I plan to stay here. Probably get a decent job y'know," George replied, his voice quiet. "What about you?"

Clay's expression shifted when George responded, his shoulders relaxed and his furrowed eyebrows went slack. Relief? "Same. Same plan."

George hummed in acknowledgement. He picked up his fork and started picking at his food. Clay mirrored him. They ate in silence for a few moments. George was listening to the loud conversations of the people around him. One couple was having an argument about whether they were going to move to New York or not. Another table was on a first date, at least that's what George assumed. The girl told the other that their favourite colour was green. George scrunched his nose at that.

"What?" Dream asked George.

"Hmm? I didn't say anything." George blushed knowing Clay was watching him.

"You did that thing with your nose. Don't like the food?" Dream asked curiously, obviously joking.

"Oh, no it's fine." George was hesitant to mention he was eavesdropping on other people's conversations. "I was listening to those two girls over there talk about their favourite colours."

Clay raised his eyebrows in response but stayed quiet. George took it as his cue to continue. "The brunette said her favourite colour was green. I can't believe it."

"Are you saying you don't like the colour green?" Clay questioned, taking a forkful of pasta and shoving it in his mouth.

"Yes."

"Wow, I'm hurt. I love green," Clay defended, faking a shocked look on his face. He placed his hand over his chest as if in pain.

“It’s like a dark yellow-y colour to me,” George said blankly, scooping up some pasta self-consciously.

“What?” Dream said again, confused.

“Oh, I’m colour blind. Red-green colour blind. Can’t see red and green, it’s just yellow to me,” George explained, realizing most people didn’t see colour the same way he did.

“Oh,” Clay paused, choosing his words carefully. He didn’t want to pity the other because the way he saw colours was the way he saw them his entire life. He was most definitely used to it.

“Interesting. Green is just like a darker yellow? Mixed with blue I guess. But that doesn’t help much.”

George laughed at Dream’s attempt to explain green to him. “My favourite colour is blue. It’s the only colour I can actually see almost properly.”

“Blue’s nice.”

They fell silent again. George knew he should have headed home a while ago. He had an assignment due for his computer programming class the following week and he’d barely started it. But he was enjoying sitting there with Clay.

George’s phone started buzzing on the table and he saw the screen flashing with a name. “Sorry, I have to pick this up. It’s my roommate.”

He gave Clay an apologetic expression and grabbed his phone off the table. He walked towards the front of the restaurant and stood inside the little room right before one leaves the restaurant entrance. “Hello?”

“*Hey Gogy, where are you? Bad and I are at the apartment. We’re having a movie night and making some popcorn. You gonna join us?*” Karl’s voice echoed through the speakers on the phone.

George felt a sting in his heart. He loved his roommates but he wanted to see where things would go with Clay. He’d be able to watch a movie another night right? “I’m uh. Not at home?”

George had a lame response but he was kind of embarrassed to tell the story to Karl. “*Yeah, we can see that.*”

“*Hi, George! I miss you.*” Bad called on the other side.

“Tell Bad I said hi back. And that I saw him this morning,” George replied, smiling at the greetings from his friend.

Karl relayed the message and Bad was mumbling in the background, something inaudible. “*So, where you at?*”

“Um, uh. Well,” George’s cheeks were heating up. He was glad Karl couldn’t see his face and that he was out of Clay’s view distance. At least he hoped. “Kind of on a date?” He wasn’t sure what to call it.

“*WHAT. You didn’t tell us??*” Karl’s voice was high pitched and George could hear his shocked tone through the phone. “*Bad, George is on a date! He didn’t tell us.*”

George’s blush deepened. “Sorry, guys. It’s kinda complicated. I was, uh...” George’s voice

faltered. “Stood up? But then this guy came over and joined me. I’m not actually sure if he’s into guys but he’s really cute and sweet and I kinda wanna see where it goes.” Once George had started talking about it, he couldn’t stop. It felt good telling someone. He was embarrassed that he was stood up but knew Karl would be supportive.

“Wait, what? How does that even happen? I mean the guy just joining you, not the one who stood you up. How long have you guys been talking? Where are you?” All the questions flowed from Karl’s mouth. He was holding back a few more.

“We’re at the restaurant kinda down the street from our apartment. Not the super fancy one. The one with the dog plant out front,” George explained, looking at the dog plant through the glass doors. “And we’ve been sitting here for just over an hour now. I was waiting for the other guy for an hour before that. He never showed.” George’s voice went soft at the end, he was still upset but was so much more comfortable with Clay than he could have been with anyone else.

“Oh my god. You like him don’t you? Gogy has a boyfriend,” Karl sang the last part and George could hear Bad shouting something in the background.

“Shh, don’t say that. I don’t even know if he likes me.”

“Uh huh.”

“Listen, I’ve got to go. I don’t want him to think I ditched him.”

“You’d better tell us everything when you get home.”

“Maybe. Bye, Karl. Tell Bad I said bye as well,” George looked back into the restaurant at Dream, who was looking down at his phone and back up every once in a while. He looked nervous. His eyebrows were ruffled and the way his eyes were scanning the restaurant made George think Clay was looking for him. Was he worried?

“Bye, Gogy. Have fun on your date!”

George hummed a response and took the phone from his ear to click the hang up button. He opened the door again and walked back towards the table. Clay’s eyes found his and his ruffled eyebrows smoothed out, the line in Dream’s forehead softened and the crinkle at the corner of Dream’s green eyes appeared as a smile appeared on his face.

“Hey, sorry. My roommate was worried about me,” George sat down across from Clay once again and placed his phone face down on the table. “Hope you didn’t think I left.” George joked, hoping Clay wouldn’t take it to heart.

Dream laughed softly. “Yeah, I thought you jumped out the bathroom window. I thought I could have gotten out of having to pay for dessert.” He smiled.

“Well, now you can pay for two desserts.”

“Fine by me.” Dream was watching George. George wasn’t sure what the man across from him was thinking. Did he want to go home? Was he enjoying their interaction? George wanted to know so much about Clay but was too embarrassed to ask.

“What are you thinking about?” The question came as a surprise to George, it was taken directly from his mind but came out of the mouth of the man in front of him. George didn’t realize he was staring back at Clay.

George was caught off guard. “Dessert.”

“Really? You just finished your pasta. How are you already hungry?”

“How are you not always hungry for dessert?” George questioned, wrinkling his nose in disgust. “Can’t believe it.”

Clay released a bubbly laugh. “What dessert do you want?” He had the dessert menu in his hands. His eyes were scanning the page and looking at the pictures of the cakes and puddings laid out on the page.

George reached out a hand and poked the menu with two fingers, pushing down on the top of the menu that Clay was holding so he could read the page upside down. Clay looked up and grinned. “I like the chocolate cake.” George commented.

“Noted. What about the cheesecake?” Clay asked, watching George’s expressions.

“Strawberry? That’s good too.”

“Okay, we can get the chocolate cake and the cheesecake and share them,” Clay stated matter of factly.

“What a gentleman,” George teased. The restaurant noise drowned out as he watched the man in front of him. He was so mesmerized by the way the man laughed and smiled at him every chance he got. The light reflected off of Clay’s hair and lightened a few strips of his dark blond hair. Times like this, George was upset he couldn’t see the full spectrum of colour.

“What can I say,” Dream tipped his head in acknowledgement and placed the dessert menu back on the table in front of him.

“You guys ready for dessert?” The waitress swooped by and asked.

Clay ordered both desserts for them and they waited for the plates of sugar to come around. George went straight for the chocolate cake and took a few bites before Clay stuck his fork into the chocolate cake and shoved his fork into his mouth.

“It’s pretty good. I understand why you like this,” Dream commented, some chocolate still at the corner of his mouth.

“Mhm. You’ve got some chocolate.” George motioned at the side of his face where the chocolate was on Clay’s face. He swiped the other side of his face and George shook his head and laughed. George wasn’t sure whether he should reach out to help or just continue being awkward and motioning where it was. He figured either or was just as awkward.

“Here, let me.” George reached across the table, standing up a bit and swiped his thumb across the left side of Clay’s face before sitting his butt back down. “There.” George wasn’t sure whether it was the lighting or if Clay was actually blushing.

“Thanks.”

It was George’s turn to smile at Clay. He felt confident. His talk with Karl helped him feel less nervous. It wasn’t long before the cake on their plates disappeared and their stomachs were full. George’s insides felt warm as Clay smiled at him. The restaurant started to die down. People stood up quietly from their tables, taking their voices and conversations out the door with them. The clock above the doors was ticking and George wasn’t sure how it had already been three hours

since he first met Clay. The waitress, Rose, as George finally found out, had already come and gone with their dirty dishes and refilled their drinks. The bill was left out in the middle of the table, the two men at the table not wanting the night to end.

“I’ll be honest with you. I don’t really want to leave,” Clay murmured, barely audible. He looked down from George shyly.

“Was the dessert too good?” George quipped, lightening the mood a bit. The tables around them had the chairs placed upside down on the tables and George knew it was right around closing time.

“Sure,” Clay paused. “Best part.” He said softly, a quick laugh erupted from his mouth.

“I’m pretty sure they’re closing,” George commented, watching the staff members walking around the restaurant cleaning. He saw the last few groups of people walking out the front doors.

“Yeah,” Clay said quietly. He picked up the bill in front of them and the debit machine.

“Hey, I can pay for it,” George said quickly, not wanting Clay to have to pay for his food. He knew that Dream had already accompanied him the entire night and provided him the best company he’s had in a while. Though he still wasn’t sure where Clay stood.

“No,” Clay moved the bill closer to his side of the table and frowned at George. “Otherwise, I wouldn’t be the gentleman. I can’t let you win that.”

“Trying to boost your ego I see.” George laughed at the way Clay furrowed his eyebrows and frowned at him, defensive of the bill in his hands.

They thanked the waitress as they stood up from their table. She smiled at the both of them and whispered to George how happy she was for him. His heart was beating fast. If they left the restaurant now, they’d never see each other again. But they just met? George wasn’t sure whether Clay liked him just as much as he liked him. He wasn’t sure whether Clay wanted to see him again. But maybe he was just oblivious. Clay put his jacket back on his shoulders, George wasn’t sure when he saw him take it off. George patted his pockets, making sure he had his phone and wallet on him before leaving the table, following closely behind the tall blond in front of him.

The cool air enveloped George as he walked through the entrance doors. He smiled at the dog plant in front of the door. The two men stopped in front of the doors, listening to the cars run by and the sound of water splashing along the pavement.

“So,” Clay said, looking over towards George. They were a couple feet away from each other. George’s hands were in his pockets and he twisted his body to look at Clay in the eyes. He watched Clay’s cheeks change colour slightly and the way he was unable to make eye contact with the brunet. “That was the best date I’ve had in awhile.”

George wasn’t sure he heard the words correctly. He hoped his cheeks weren’t as dark red as Clay’s were. “Date?”

“Oh. Sorry. I, uh, I wasn’t sure whether you...” Clay paused, trying to fix the words he said previously. The nervous expression on his face and the way his shoulders dropped changed from the confident man he saw at the beginning of their “date.” Clay was nervous. George realized he fucked up.

“No, no. That’s not what I mean,” George quickly tried to cover up his confusion and take back the words he said before. He wanted Clay to know he felt the same way.

Clay had a confused expression on his face. His eyebrows were furrowed and there was a line in his forehead. "You confuse me." He stated.

George frowned.

"I'd like to kiss you," Clay finished, watching as George's expression changed to one of shock.

"What?"

"I'd like to kiss you." He repeated.

"Okay," George said shortly, he swallowed.

"I'm taking that as a yes." Clay's voice was shaky. He was nervous.

Clay took a small step forward towards George and placed a hand on his cheek. George felt their lips brush together slightly. He was given a warning before their lips met but George's brain still short circuited as Clay's lips met his own. He felt the soft push of Clay's lips on his own. His brain booted back up as Clay hesitated, pulling back a little bit, unsure of whether George was okay with this. George quickly tangled his fingers in blond hair and wrapped his other arm around the man's neck to pull him closer. George deepened the kiss, pressing his body closer to the man he was holding and tasted the chocolate on his lips. George pulled back to breathe. He kept his arms wrapped around Clay's neck and they pressed their foreheads together before leaning back to look each other in the eyes.

"You're so hard to read," Clay commented, watching the brunet.

"So are you."

"I wanted to kiss you all night."

"Yeah? Well here we are."

"You're such an idiot."

"Hey, stop bullying me."

"It's true."

George frowned, bringing his arms back to his sides and he took a step back from Clay in retaliation. "You're so mean."

"You're actually so dumb." Clay laughed out. "Just please kiss me again."

"You're so needy," George scoffed. He stepped closer to Dream once again and pressed their lips together quickly before pulling back again. Clay frowned.

"It's 11pm." George looked at his phone and pocketed it again.

Dream hummed in acknowledgement. "I'd like to take you out again, if you'd let me."

George couldn't help the smile that formed on his face. "Only if you let me pay next time."

"Fine by me, I'll make sure to choose somewhere expensive," Dream replied, a smirk on his face.

"C'mon now, I'm a broke college student, leave me alone."

“Maybe I should ask for your number now,” Clay guessed, grabbing his phone from his jacket pocket.

“You’d figure you’d have my number before we kissed but we can do everything backwards.” George grabbed the phone from Clay’s hands and tapped his digits into the line and placed a few emojis beside his name. He returned the phone to Clay and shoved his own hands back into his pocket. Clay smiled at him.

George was nervous. His hands were sweaty and he was sure he was fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. “I have something to tell you.”

Clay’s expression shifted from relief and adoration to one of confusion and nervousness. “That is?” He was scared of the answer from George. ‘*I have something to tell you*’ is never a good sentence.

“So, I kinda wasn’t just there for free dessert,” George’s cheeks were hot. “I did actually get stood up.”

Clay’s shoulders relaxed and his furrowed eyebrows went slack. The relief flowed from his body. “I know.”

“You knew?”

“Of course, I didn’t want to embarrass you further by asking about it. But you looked so nervous when I walked up I thought you’d pass out,” Clay said softly, looking George in the eyes. “I gotta ask though,” he paused. “Was our date better?”

“Considering I didn’t even get to go on the other date, yes,” George said, a hint of a joke in his voice. “But if we don’t take that into consideration, still yes. Only because you bought me dessert.”

Clay frowned, shoving his hands into his pockets.

“I’m joking,” George paused shortly. Thinking of the next words he was going to say. “I had fun. I really like you.”

“Is that a compliment? Can’t believe it. George finally complimented me,” Clay said, letting out a laugh. The humid Florida air stuck to their skin. He could feel it on his neck.

“Oh, shut up. I take back my willingness to go on another date.” George’s voice was light and airy. His shoulders felt light.

Dream stuck out his lip and pouted. “Fine, fine. I like you too.”

Clay’s eyes were sparkling as they met George’s in the light of the dim street lights outside. The sound of tires against pavement went whooshing past their ears and the noise of the people along the sidewalks faded in the distance as a group walked further and further into the dark abyss. George wasn’t sure how he managed to stumble across this man that stood in front of him. Well he knew, but he wasn’t sure how he was the one who deserved to meet him. Dream was just as his nickname suggested, a dream.

“I have to head back that way. My apartment is about a ten minute walk from here,” George said softly, just audible enough for Clay to hear. He didn’t want to leave. This night should never end.

“Okay,” Clay said, even quieter. He looked down to his feet, tapping his shoes together softly.

“I expect a text or a call in the next few days. You’d better not ignore me,” George spoke sternly,

determined to keep in touch with this man.

“Of course, it’s my turn for free dessert,” Clay chuckled, raising his head to look at George.

“Thank you for tonight. It’s the best night I’ve had in, well, forever.” George was usually shy around new people. He wasn’t sure how outgoing he could be in front of them and he never clicked as much with someone before as he did with Clay. He was excited.

“You’re very welcome, sir. Now, you’d better get home safe and sound,” Clay’s voice was bold, like a mocking impression of a character from a movie.

“Shut up.”

Clay quickly pressed their lips together for a final kiss. He grinned and took a few steps backward, keeping his body and head facing George as the space between them grew. Raising a hand at a final wave, George watched Clay turn around on his heels and head the opposite direction. The blob of dark blonde hair continued out of his vision until a sweep of people along the sidewalk engulfed the man. George sighed.

He was lucky. That night was the first of many, and the start of something new. He wasn’t going to let it go to waste. He could only hope Dream liked him as much. Karl and Bad would have a field day asking him questions when he got back to the apartment. He knew it. They’d turn off whatever movie they were watching, grab more popcorn, and demand answers from the man. The smile on George’s face was enough to fuel him for the next week. A buzz in his pocket took him out of his trance as he walked up on his apartment complex.

Unknown Number 11:35 pm: *in case you wanted to know, I made it home.*

Unknown Number 11:35 pm: *this is clay btw :)*

George smiled at the message before typing back a response. He knew Dream was one of the good ones.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

This chapter is basically Dream's POV before he joined George in the restaurant and then some added fluff afterwards that takes place roughly three months after the events of chapter 1.

Chapter Notes

I got a lot of positive responses from the first chapter and wanted to add another since I had a lot of fun writing this :) thank you so much to everyone who read the first part and loved it. I really appreciate the support.

Hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dream are you even listening to me?” Sapnap asked the man, rather upset that his friend wasn’t listening to his awesome story about someone throwing up during his computer programming class.

The blond was staring off into space, watching people come and go from the restaurant. “Yeah, yeah. Of course I am.”

“What’s the last thing I said?” Sapnap questioned, taking a sip from his iced tea.

“Dream are you even listening to me,” Dream mocked, his tone identical to that of his friend.

Sapnap rolled his eyes and continued his story anyway. Dream was busy watching as a brown haired man walked into the restaurant and was promptly seated at a table near the front of the restaurant. It wasn’t that he was specifically waiting for anyone or looking for anyone in particular. He was just curious. He enjoyed watching as other people walked into the restaurant with their significant others or their families. He felt a bit lonely watching so many apparent couples walk into the restaurant. But he had his best friend next to him.

The man sat down, looking very nervous and self conscious. Dream continued watching him, noting how the man kept looking around the room, as if he was trying to find someone. He furrowed his eyebrows. Dream noted when the man grabbed the menu and started reading the items off in his mind. The brunet’s lips were moving as he sounded out the names of the items on the menu, going one by one down the list. Dream opened up his own menu and did the same thing, trying to line up exactly where the other was.

Sapnap stopped talking. “Who's got your attention?” He asked, noting how his friend's gaze kept shifting and fixing onto someone else.

“No one, nothing,” Dream quickly defended himself, trying to cover up the way he wasn’t paying

attention to his friend.

“No seriously, I know you’re not paying attention to me. Who are you watching?” Sapnap stated, looking around the restaurant to see if he could point out who had his friend's attention.

Dream felt the blush appear on his cheeks. “It’s no one. I don’t even know them.”

“Why are you watching them?” Sapnap asked, watching as his friend got a bit nervous.

“I don’t know. They’re just sitting there. By themselves. They’ve been alone for the past thirty minutes or so,” Dream muttered, slightly embarrassed that he was caught watching someone.

“Maybe they got stood up?” Sapnap asked, trying to support his friend.

“Maybe, I feel kinda bad. He looks nervous, like he’s waiting for someone,” Dream said, looking back to the guy he was watching. He was no longer looking at the menu but was now glancing down at his phone, typing something out. A waitress stopped by to ask him a question, which Dream could barely make out. Something about being stood up. Dream watched as the boy responded, the way he smiled slightly and shook his head.

“I think I need to go home and finish up that one assignment I have. But it’s still early. You can go join them,” Sapnap said softly. He didn’t actually have anything due but he had to be a wingman to his best friend y’know. He figured he’d try to push the two together to see if anything happened.

“I think I’ll just go home too,” Dream said slowly, not taking his eyes off of the man sitting alone at the table.

“No. Go hang out with that guy. He looks lonely,” Sapnap said, figuring out who Dream was watching based on the description. The guy was cute, he’d say that.

Dream just blushed heavily, his face and neck were warm and he thought he was going to start sweating. “I don’t think so. What if whoever he’s waiting for shows up?”

“Then you apologize and leave,” Sapnap stated flatly, picking off some pieces of remaining food and shoving it into his mouth.

“But what if I embarrass myself?” Dream asked nervously.

“Then you’ll never have to see him again. Easy. And if he likes you then you ask him out again,” Sapnap smiled and continued eating.

Dream was nervous, he had never done anything like this. Just casually sitting down in front of some random person and being like “hey, I’m going to be your stand in date since the person you’re waiting for didn’t show up.” He was kind of nervous that the person the man *was* waiting for would show up. Dream was usually pretty confident, but this time he was nervous. Maybe because of the situation?

“C’mon dude,” Sapnap encouraged, motioning towards the table they were watching.

“Easy for you to say, you’re not the one doing it,” Dream frowned, trying to work up the courage to go say hi to the guy.

Sapnap sat there for a bit, wondering if Dream was going to concede and go say hi to the guy. He didn’t want to leave his friend before his mind was made up. He wanted whatever was best for his friend. And he really wanted him to get a boyfriend. Maybe then he’d stop being so mopey all the

time. Sapnap was watching his best friend very carefully, trying to make his way into his mind to see what he was thinking.

“Okay,” Dream said finally.

“Okay what?” Sapnap questioned, taking the final sips of his drink and reaching to pay for his portion of the bill.

“I’ll do it,” Dream finished. He was weighing the pros and cons before coming to that conclusion.
Pros: talking to a cute guy, potentially having him like him back, or just gaining a new friend.
Cons: making a fool out of himself, the other person shows up, the guy is mean.

“Hell yeah. Go get em tiger,” Sapnap smiled, pushing his friend’s shoulder slightly.

“Please never say that to me again.”

Dream got up from their table as Sapnap trailed behind, giving him an encouraging pat on the back before walking out the door into the night. He sighed heavily, still nervous, but he wanted to present himself well to the man at the table.

“Hey,” Dream said casually, watching as the man looked up at him confused. The man had dark brown hair and deep chocolate eyes. He was definitely cute but Dream would never say that out loud. At least not on this specific occasion. “I heard the waitstaff talking about how your date stood you up so I’m pretending to be your date to save you from embarrassment.”

Dream watched the man’s expression change from one of confusion to one of shock and surprise. He smiled to himself, of course this was weird. But it was also kind of funny if you think about it.

“That’s very sweet of you, but I’m only pretending to be stood up so the staff will feel bad for me and give me free dessert,” the man responded, looking nervous and defensive.

Dream couldn’t tell if he was being serious. He didn’t want to admit it but he had been watching the man for the past hour or so and he was definitely waiting for someone. But, he wanted to make a good impression so he just went along with it. “Guess me standing here ruins your plans. I think they’re looking over here,” he said, looking around the room at the waitstaff.

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The next few hours of their interactions went rather smoothly. Dream only texted Sapnap two times out of pure fear that George had left him alone at the table when he went to pick up a call and completely ditched Dream. Sapnap responded that he was probably still on the phone and that Dream didn’t need to worry.

Dream really liked George. He was confused at how they got along so well. He knew Sapnap would like George. But he wasn’t sure George liked him back. He was difficult to read. Sometimes he thought George was staring at him like he liked him, but other times he thought he was just confused by the presence of the man in front of him. Either way, it was confusing. So when Dream admitted he liked George and wanted to go out with him again, he was relieved when George said yes. And was even more relieved and excited when they kissed. And when he got George’s number.

His apartment wasn’t too far from the restaurant, maybe a fifteen minute walk maximum. But he decided to text George as soon as he got home to make sure the other had his number.

Dream 11:35 pm: *in case you wanted to know, I made it home.*

Dream 11:35 pm: *this is clay btw :)*

George <3 11:37 pm: *so clingy. I only just got home myself too.*

Dream 11:37 pm: *wow okay, kill a man for wanting to know if you made it home safe and didn't get stabbed or murdered on the way.*

George <3 11:38 pm: *maybe I just didn't want to respond to you*

George <3 11:38 pm: *joking joking. Glad to know you got home safe*

Dream 11:39 pm: *good thing you sent that last message, I was about to block your number.*

Dream reached his and Sapnap's apartment and he grabbed his key from his pocket to unlock the door, expecting Sapnap to be asleep when he walked in. All of the lights were turned off in the living room and kitchen but he saw the light in Sapnap's room on.

George <3 11:40 pm: *you wouldn't. You need me. I'm paying for our next date.*

Dream laughed, his voice echoed in the quiet apartment. He watched as the door to Sapnap's room opened and a figure appeared in the doorway. "Dream! How was the date?" He sounded so excited.

"Good, better than expected," Dream thought over the date for a second and felt the heat rise to his cheeks. God, he was done for if this was how he was acting after the first date. "I got his number, we're going to go out again."

The cheer he heard from Sapnap was so loud he thought his neighbours would file a complaint against them. "I'm such a good wingman. I knew you could do it."

"You have such a big ego," Dream stated and laughed. "But thank you. You'll definitely like him. He also plays Minecraft."

"When's the wedding? I call being your wingman," Sapnap joked.

Dream rolled his eyes and began making his way to his own room. It wasn't that late for him but he was exhausted. He knew he wouldn't be able to sleep because of how giddy he felt. The excitement and happiness was eating him up inside.

"You're welcome!" He heard Sapnap shout as he closed his bedroom door. He laughed. He did have Sapnap to thank for pushing him to talk to George but he did all the talking himself.

Dream 11:48 pm: *of course, how could I forget? When are you free next?*

George <3 11:50 pm: *hey, im supposed to ask you that since im taking you out this time. But im free next friday?*

Dream 11:50 pm: *sounds good to me. Send me the where and when :)*

George <3 11:50 pm: *will do.*

Dream 11:55 pm: *i cant sleep.*

George <3 11:56 pm: *try closing your eyes.*

Dream 11:57 pm: *im too happy to sleep.*

George <3 11:57 pm: :)

George <3 11:57 pm: *me too.*

George <3 11:57 pm: *but friday wont come as quickly if you dont go to sleep.*

Dream's response was delayed by eight hours, give or take, after reading George's message.

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"Dream, seriously. Sit still, he'll be here in a few minutes, you'll survive," Sapnap hissed at the boy who was tapping his feet loudly against the floor.

The café was quite loud and busy for a Thursday afternoon. But classes had just ended for Dream and Sapnap and the group was set to meet there after everyone was finished with their own classes. Dream took a nervous sip from his hot chocolate, briefly stopping the tap of his feet so that he didn't spill the hot drink all over himself. He had asked Sapnap if he could sit on the side that was facing the door so that he could watch for when George walked in. It had only been, what, ten minutes since George's class had ended? He was probably making his way with Karl and Bad across the entire campus to meet up with them.

"I know," Dream said, humming something to himself. The jingle of the door opening chimed through the café and Dream looked up anxiously. It was just some random girl with a group of her friends.

"You two are made for each other," Sapnap laughed, noting how close Dream and George had gotten in the two months that they had known each other. It was nice to see Dream so excited and happy for once. Sapnap smiled.

Dream used to get so engulfed in his schoolwork that he was unable to leave his room sometimes for fear he wouldn't be able to finish his assignments or study hard enough for an exam. And still, he was swamped in his schoolwork but George was able to coax him out of his room and force him to eat something before he passed out from exhaustion. Sapnap was thankful someone was there to help his friend if he was unable to.

The door chimed again and Sapnap watched as Dream's expression changed from one of nervousness to one of relief and happiness. He hopped up from where he was sitting to greet his boyfriend with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Hi, George," Dream whispered in George's ear as they embraced. With his head resting on George's shoulder, he sighed and breathed in George's scent.

"Hi," George said shyly, fully aware they were in the middle of the very busy cafe. "I missed you."

"I missed you too," Dream smiled, pulling away from the hug and going back to sit down in his seat. George followed closely behind.

"The two lovebirds are finally reunited. What has it been? Like a day since you guys last saw each other," Sapnap teased, moving over so that Karl and Bad could squish together and sit next to him.

"George was practically running here at the pace that he was walking," Bad mentioned, watching the couple sit down and exchange smiles.

"Shut up, I was not. It's not my fault people like to block the hallways and doors so I can't leave," George defended. Sapnap rolled his eyes and Karl laughed. He peered into Dream's mug and saw

that there was still some brown liquid steaming from it. Grabbing the mug, he took a sip before Dream could swat his hand away. "It's also not my fault that these two walk at a snail's pace."

Bad huffed out a laugh before standing up to order something at the counter. He asked for Karl's order and nodded, mentally keeping a note of the boy's request. He didn't bother asking George, he was already stealing Dream's drink.

"Dream thought you forgot, or that you died by getting trampled by first years," Sapnap didn't hold back at any opportunity to embarrass his best friend.

"Shut up, he was running late. What was I supposed to think?" Dream and George were pressed shoulder to shoulder in their booth. Their fingers were laced together under the table, the pair rested against George's thigh.

"That he was running late?"

Dream rolled his eyes. He was head over heels, what could he say? George briefly got up to order another drink after he had finished the rest of Dream's hot chocolate. The warmth of their hands lingered briefly before it dissipated entirely. He waited patiently for his boyfriend to come back. Karl and Sapnap talked about the games they were going to play during their game night that evening. Bad joined in on the conversation, suggesting Minecraft. Sapnap and Karl vetoed that in favour of playing a horror game.

George and Dream were going to spend the night at Dream and Sapnap's apartment watching movies and playing video games of their own. It's not that they didn't want to hang out with their friends, they had already planned their own date night and their friends swooped in and planned their own game night a few days later.

"You guys are still welcome over, plenty of room," Bad offered, drinking his tea and watching the two men sitting across from him.

"I don't play horror games," Dream said, wrinkling his nose at the idea of being jumpscared for fun.

"Whatever," Sapnap rolled his eyes jokingly. "My room is off limits, boys." He poked at Dream. Dream spluttered. George had a blush on his cheeks. The three across from them burst out in laughter.

Their friendly meet up broke off after about two hours at the cafe. Dream and George made their way to Dream's apartment and the other three headed off to George's place. Reaching for the brunet's hand, Dream clasped their hands together as they walked along the pavement. Their shoulders bumped together as they assumed a steady walking pace. It was a brisk November afternoon, oddly cold for a day in Florida. He smiled as he watched the boy beside him focus on the way that they were walking, one step after another.

"Any assignments due this week?" Dream asked, listening to the cars as they went past their view.

"Just that history essay. I've got that algorithm assignment due next week as well that I should probably start," George's voice was soft. He looked up to the blond and smiled. "What about you?"

Dream frowned, remembering how swamped he was that week and the following week. Too many English essays and programming assignments, too little time. "Too many to count."

George's smile never wavered. "It's okay, we can work on our assignments together. I'll make you

lots of hot chocolate.”

The tension flowed out of Dream’s body and warmth flowed in. He was so lucky to have George.
“Only if you put marshmallows in mine.”

“Only cause you asked.”

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After refusing to eat shitty dining hall mystery meat, the pair opted to order a pizza for the two of them. George was thankful he didn’t have to make the trek all the way down the stairs back to the dining hall. And that he didn’t have to eat the disgusting food for one night.

Their pizza arrived shortly, Dream and George devoured it as quickly as it took to open the box. The survival world that was open on both of their laptops was quickly forgotten as they sat down on the couch to eat their slices of pizza. Neither spoke, enjoying the few moments of comfortable silence as they ate. They had gotten into quite the routine since they had established their relationship. Often switching between apartments, the two usually hung out at least once a week, preferably more. They tried to meet up together during their breaks between classes but some days their schedules just didn’t line up well. Like Thursdays. But George often had evenings off and they liked to spend them together as often as they could, enjoying the other’s company. George did in fact pay for their second date, going to some festival that was happening that following weekend.

“I think I’m going to go to my parents house for Christmas break,” Clay said, thinking about the next month or so. They had exams coming up fairly quickly and he was already stressing out over the amount of studying and assignments he’d have to do in the meantime. He remembered the one week when midterms were happening and he had three exams on three consecutive days. Sapnap had tried to get him to go out one night with the group or even just to leave the dorm and eat real people food. But Dream had refused, almost pulling his hair out while rapidly typing out code on his computer and running it to make sure it worked without errors. Sapnap had ended up calling George since Dream had been ignoring his messages since his phone had died and he refused to acknowledge anything outside of his study bubble. But George had rushed over and talked to Dream. The blond quickly broke down from stress and complied to George’s offer of pizza and a movie night to take a break from studying. Sapnap thanked the brunet. He hated seeing his friend like that.

“Oh? That sounds like fun. Are you leaving Patches here? I can take care of her if you and Sapnap are both gone,” George offered, finishing off his last slice of pizza. Sapnap usually went home to his own family for the couple weeks they got off. George couldn’t afford to fly back home for the break so he usually stayed at his own apartment alone and watched Christmas movies and ate take out.

“Actually, I was going to ask if you wanted to come with me?” Dream said nervously, watching George’s expression very closely. George was surprised, he didn’t expect Clay to offer. They’d been dating for almost three months by that point and he hadn’t met Clay’s parents yet. And obviously Dream hadn’t met George’s. But they’d talked to each other’s parents sometimes on the phone occasionally. Dream’s mom loved George already, she often asked if George was around every time she called her son and told him to tell George that she said hi and wanted to know how he was doing. George took pleasure in knowing he was becoming his boyfriend’s mom’s favourite. Dream said hi to George’s mom and dad every once in a while, though they often called at early hours because of the time difference and Dream was rarely awake or with George to say hi back. But George assured him that his parents said hi to Dream and wanted him to know that they were

doing well.

“Oh,” George said, unsure how to respond. Dream looked expectant and hesitant, waiting for his boyfriend’s response.

“If you don’t want to come, that’s fine too. I just wanted to offer and I wanted you to meet my family. My mom loves you already. And I’d be taking Patches home with me but if you can’t come I can leave her here so that you’re not completely alone for the holidays,” Clay was talking fast, trying to give George an out if he needed one.

George’s heart was full. “No, I want to come. I’m just,” he paused. “Yes, I’ll come. Of course I will.”

Clay smiled, reaching across the couch to hug his boyfriend and pull him in for a kiss. He sighed as their lips met, pressing further into George until their legs were tangled together and George was pushed against the back of the couch. They both laughed as they pulled apart. “Now Patches doesn’t have to stay here with some guy wallowing in his own sadness,” Dream joked.

“Hey, that’s not nice. I would have treated her like the queen she is.” They both glanced to where Patches was sleeping in her bed, ignoring the two men who were staring at her.

“I trust that you would,” Dream released a breathy laugh. He pulled apart from George, not realizing they were still pressed together.

Dream got up off of the couch, feeling the numbness and static in his legs disappear. He grabbed the empty box of pizza and brought it back to the kitchen, his feet softly padding against the ground. The empty glasses in his hand were placed in the sink and rinsed and dried off before being placed back in the cupboard. He always cleaned up after himself, something Sapnap often forgot to do.

Dream watched from the kitchen as George leaned back against the couch, grabbing his laptop and placing it to rest on his legs as he resumed the survival world that they were playing on. They were about halfway to defeating the game before their dinner arrived. He finished washing up before making his way back to the couch, reaching his arms across George’s neck as he approached him from behind the couch. He watched George play for a few moments, pressing a kiss into his hair and taking a seat next to him. His own laptop was laying a few feet away on the coffee table.

Dream was often glad that they both had decent laptops so they could run various video games on them so that they could play at each other’s apartments while they were away from their PCs. Dream pressed himself up against George, laying his head against his shoulder and watching the man click his mouse to kill a few zombies and skeletons that were following him. Dream’s character was hidden in a one block wide, two block high cobblestone case so that he wouldn’t get killed. He was enjoying watching George play by himself briefly, breathing steadily and paying attention as his boyfriend collected materials and fought his way past a hoard of zombies.

“Dream! Help, I’m going to die. There’s so many of them. Dream!” George was shouting his nickname, accustomed to Sapnap saying it so many times and trying it out for himself over the past few months Dream and George have been dating.

Dream was wheezing, laughing too much to be of any use. “Just build up, it’s just zombies.” He could barely make out a sentence.

“Dream!” George screamed, his teeth clenched as his health was at one heart and he ran up a mountain away from the hoard.

Dream got up from his position and grabbed his laptop. He broke out from his cobblestone cage and followed George as he ran up the mountain with all their gear. In an attempt to help the boy, Dream accidentally hit George with his stone axe and killed the man, all their loot dropping as his body turned red and died.

“Why would you kill me!” George shouted, pushing on the blond’s shoulder as he laughed even harder after seeing George’s character die.

“It was an accident. I swear! You kept moving and they were following you, what was I supposed to do,” Dream defended, lifting his hands off of the keyboard and raising them in surrender.

“Yeah right, you probably killed me cause you think it’s funny.”

George pressed respawn and ran to the same coordinates as Dream before punching him so many times the green body flew off the side of the mountain and narrowly missed the lake at the other side. Dream plummeted to his death. He was still laughing as he pressed respawn.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream breathed, forming a sentence in between his fit of laughter.

George frowned, pushing Dream even more to the point where he was about to fall off the couch. “Stop, stop. You got your revenge.”

Clearly George was not satisfied as he made his way back to the spawn point and continuously spawn killed Dream until he logged out of the server. He was still wheezing. Dream grabbed the boy’s mouse and held it above his head. He was significantly taller than the brunet and even though they were sitting on the couch, he was able to hold it high enough to where George couldn’t reach it from where he was sitting. Both of their laptops slid off their legs and onto the couch as George reached up higher and higher to grab his mouse back and Dream continued to lift his arm up further and further. George proceeded to kneel on the couch, giving him an advantage as he held Dream down, not letting the man reach higher as George came close to grabbing his mouse back. In the struggle, both men fell off the couch, their heads narrowly missing the side of the coffee table. Dream was pressed under George’s body, the weight of him taking the air out of his lungs and he dropped the mouse. George cheered as he grabbed the mouse from the floor next to Dream and shifted so he was no longer kneeling on his boyfriend’s lungs but instead was straddling him.

Dream watched his boyfriend’s expression quietly. He was so excited to have won the battle he had fought so hard to win. Dream was in love. They hadn’t said I love you yet. He laughed as George poked him in the chest and said something about how weak Dream was. But the rush of realization at how much Dream loved the man in front of him swam through his mind like an ocean.

“I love you,” Dream blurted out, still laying with his back on the floor but his arms held his back up so he was almost face to face with George.

The brunet paused, realizing the weight of the words his boyfriend had just said to him. He was surprised. Three simple words held so much weight. “What?” He asked. His brain was unable to process it.

“I love you. I know it’s only been a couple months but I just. I love you. I love you,” Dream’s voice started out quiet, the first ‘I love you’ was nothing more than a whisper. But as he repeated those three simple words, his voice got stronger, bolder, more confident. He wanted to tell the entire world that he was in love with George. But his enthusiasm was short lived. Did George love him back?

George was still on his knees, holding the mouse in his hand. His brain needed a few seconds to

process this new information he was presented with, okay? But in those few moments it took George to process, Dream was wondering if it was a mistake that he had said it. Was it too early? Did George not love him back? He was willing to wait.

“Oh,” Dream said quietly, the word lifting off of his lips. He was hesitant, unsure of himself.

“I love you too,” George blurted out loudly, watching the blond laying in front of him.

His nervous expression shifted to a smile. “You do?”

“Yes,” George responded, all of his breath rushed out. “I love you.”

Dream pushed himself up further to kiss George. George leaned down to meet him halfway. Their lips met and Dream exploded with warmth in his heart. *He loved him back.* Dream lifted one arm up to run it through George’s hair and push him closer but the weight of his own body put on one wobbly arm was a bad idea. His entire body felt jiggly, like a noodle. He was so relieved and excited and happy. *He loved him back.* Dream held himself up briefly before his arm collapsed and he fell back to the floor as the British man collapsed onto his chest once again. They burst out with laughter.

“I love you,” Dream exhaled, the words falling off of his lips so easily now. He needed to say it so many times. He needed George to know how in love he was with him. George felt the heat rush to his cheeks. He kissed Dream again, pressing the two together to deepen the kiss, biting the other’s lip softly. George pulled back after a few moments to let the two get off of the floor and move to the couch.

Dream just pushed the weight of his body onto his elbows as he watched George stand up. “You’re such an idiot,” Dream laughed, thinking of how in the hell they got to be collapsed on the ground in the first place.

George frowned. “I was going to help you up but not anymore,” he muttered, crossing his arms in defeat.

“You’re cute,” Dream said, watching George frown from Dream’s place on the floor. The blush returned to the older boy’s cheeks and reached his arm out towards the blond still laying on the floor. Dream accepted the hand and lifted himself off of the floor.

Immediately, he pressed his lips back to his boyfriend’s, holding him close. He pressed their foreheads together, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. Dream whispered multiple ‘I love you’s’ against George’s lips, completely enveloped by the man in front of him.

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Sapnap came home that night fairly late. Karl didn’t want to go to sleep even though Bad was practically asleep on the couch beside him. The view he walked into was George wrapped in Dream’s arms as they laid on the couch, the two men asleep with the T.V on as it played some sort of action movie. He smiled. He was the best wingman ever.

thank you to everyone reading this :) I had a lot of fun writing this story.

End Notes

I love reading comments on my fics so if you enjoyed it please leave a comment! :)

I might consider writing this fic from Dream's POV or like an epilogue or something if anyone is interested. No promises though.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!